SHANDA FANTASY ARTS

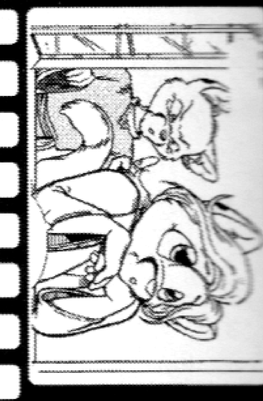
2 DEC

$4.99

Mature Readers

2000

KATMANDU ANNUAL



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MIKE CURTIS
CHIPMUNK MASSUSE

The INNER CIRCLE

Time passes and things change. HERE COMES A CANDLE, NAUTILUS and IN THE ZONE are now history. The two projects we concentrated on the most during the past few months have been printed and hopefully now reside in your comic collection. Time for Carole and I to catch up on scripts for KATMANDU and SHANDA.

So what will we do with our spare time?

New books and new titles and new projects. Brock Hoagland and Shawn Decker will be bringing Brock's ALI AND HIVIS stories to comic life in KNIGHT AND MOUSE, to appear in SFA SPOTLIGHT. Oscar Marcus, famous for many years as one of the best illustrators of furry females gets a full book detailing a furry model agency in PLUSH BEAUTIES, also to appear in SPOTLIGHT.

SFA INTERNATIONAL returns with Volume 2, and a new star. SFA INTERNATIONAL VOLUME 2 NUMBER 1: SAVAGE SQUIRREL COMIX by Kjartan Arnorsson.

In February we debut our first NON anthropomorphic comic: John Lustig's LAST KISS. There's a preview in the new NEW HORIZONS, but basically it's romance comics redone with new dialogue. You can also have a look at this hilarious feature in each issue of COMIC BUYER'S GUIDE.

We're still working on acquiring a famous animal superhero of years past...these legal matters to take time. But we already lined up MIKE KAZALEH, MARC SCHIRMEISTER, CHARLES ETTINGER, MICHAEL-SCOT McMURRY, CHRIS (SIMPSONS) YAMBAR, and CHARLES BRODERICK JR. to work on it.

Speaking of George, look for his character COURAGEOUS MAN to have an issueof SFA SPOTLIGHT next year...

And of course, we're working on new editions of the KATMANDU HANDBOOK and SHANDAVERSE, and planning a COLOR relaunch of SHANDA THE XXX FILES, and KATMANDU XXX.

What spare time?

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Flagon 11/00
LISKA/HESTA
©CAROLE CURTIS

CHARACTERS
©CAROLE CURTIS

FLIGHT

STORY/PENCILS
~ STEVE CORBETT
INKS/FINISHED PENCILS,
~ SARAH WHEELER
LETTERS~ CHARLES GRAY

THROW THE BALL, LOANZAH!

VRRR

VRRRRRP

IS IT ONE OF OURS?

YES, IT'S ONE OF THE NEW FIGHTERS.

LOANZAH?

I'VE NEVER SEEN HER SO, FASCINATED BY **ANYTHING** BEFORE!

YOU KNOW, I HAVE AN IDEA....

A FEW DAYS LATER.

LOANZAH, THIS IS VOSS, AN OLD FRIEND OF MINE.

HI LOANZAH, YOU LIKE THE PLANES?

OH, YES!

WELL, ARE YOU READY FOR A RIDE THEN?

YEAH!!

HAVING FUN?

5

YES!

HOLD ON THEN, KITTEN!

ZOOM!

YAAAAYY!!!

YOU LIKE THAT, SWEETIE?

DO IT AGAIN!!

WELL, IF YOU INSIST...

20 GUT-WRENCHING MINUTES LATER...

WE HAVE TO LAND HONEY, I GOT DUTY!

AWWW...

THAT GIRL'S A NATURAL PILOT, THORIN.

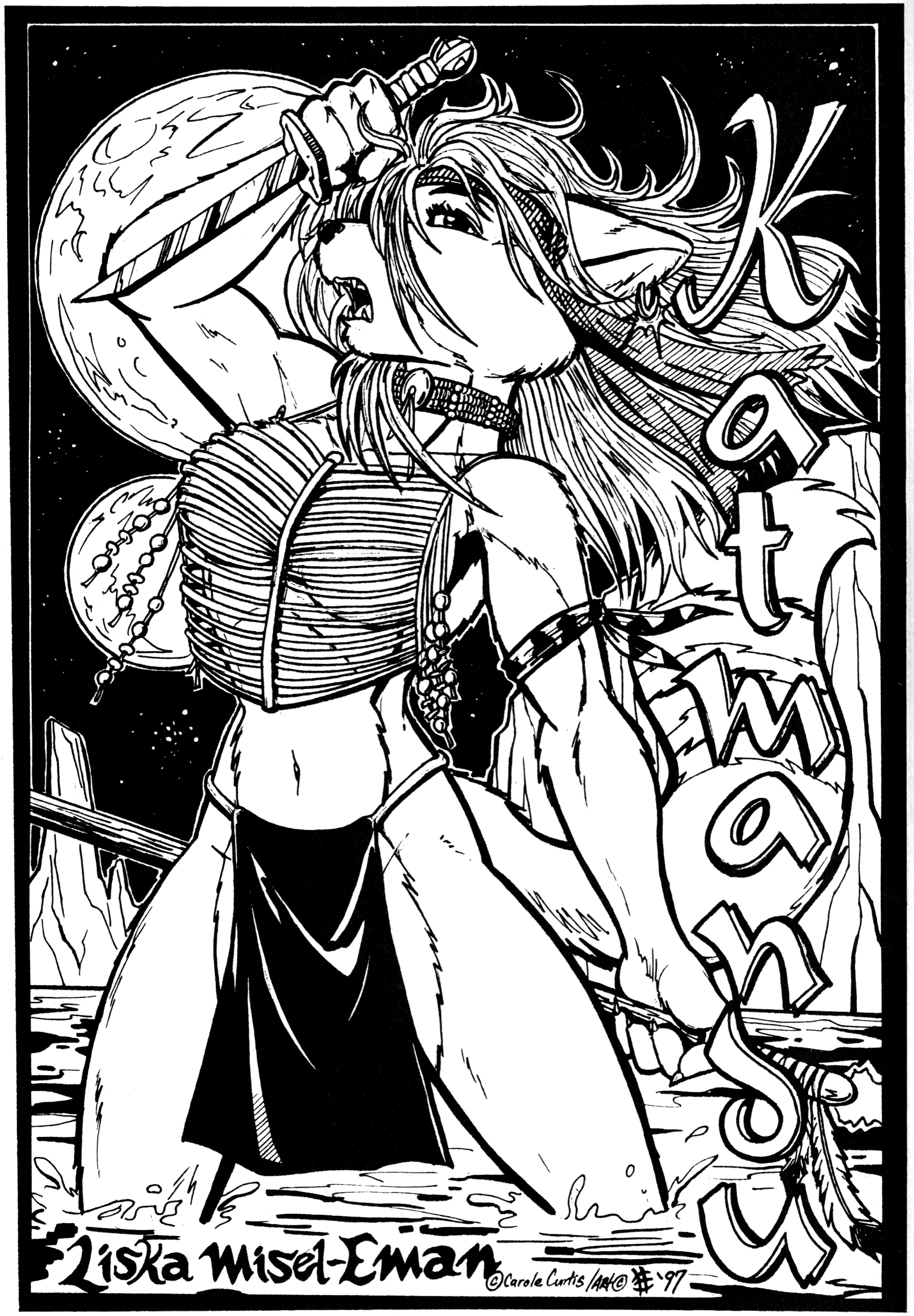
YOU MIGHT WANT TO THINK ABOUT THAT.

SOMETHING TO THINK ABOUT INDEED...

FATHER, DO YOU REMEMBER THAT DAY?

SO LONG AGO?

FIRST FEMALE PILOT
LOANZAH LEONIS


Liska Misel-Eman
©Carole Curtis/ARK© ‡ '97

"Rial"
©Carole Curtis
By Brian Wear
446-00

A PEACEFUL NIGHT

Story & Art: MATTHEW W. PETERS - KATMANDU Created by CAROLE CURTIS

SOMEWHERE, WITHIN THE DESERT PLAINS, THORIN LEONIUS AND LEAHTRAH MIDDLESMITH, ARE ENJOYING THEIR VACATION AT A RESTFUL RETREAT AT NIGHT.

WELL! WOULD YOU LOOK AT THAT! --IT'S A SHOOTING STAR!

YEAH. STREAKING ACROSS THE NIGHT SKY LIKE THAT. AS IF NOTHING COULD EVER STAND IN ITS WAY!

....REMINDS ME OF THE COURAGE YOUR ANCESTRESS, LISKA, HAD DURING THE DAYS BEFORE EACH OF OUR TRIBES MET.

I WAS THINKING THE SAME THING, MYSELF.

KATMANDU & Characters: ©2000 Carole Curtis - Artwork: ©2000 Matthew W. Peters

SO. -- HOW'S YOUR CONTINUED RESEARCH ON YOUR ANCESTRESS COMING ALONG?

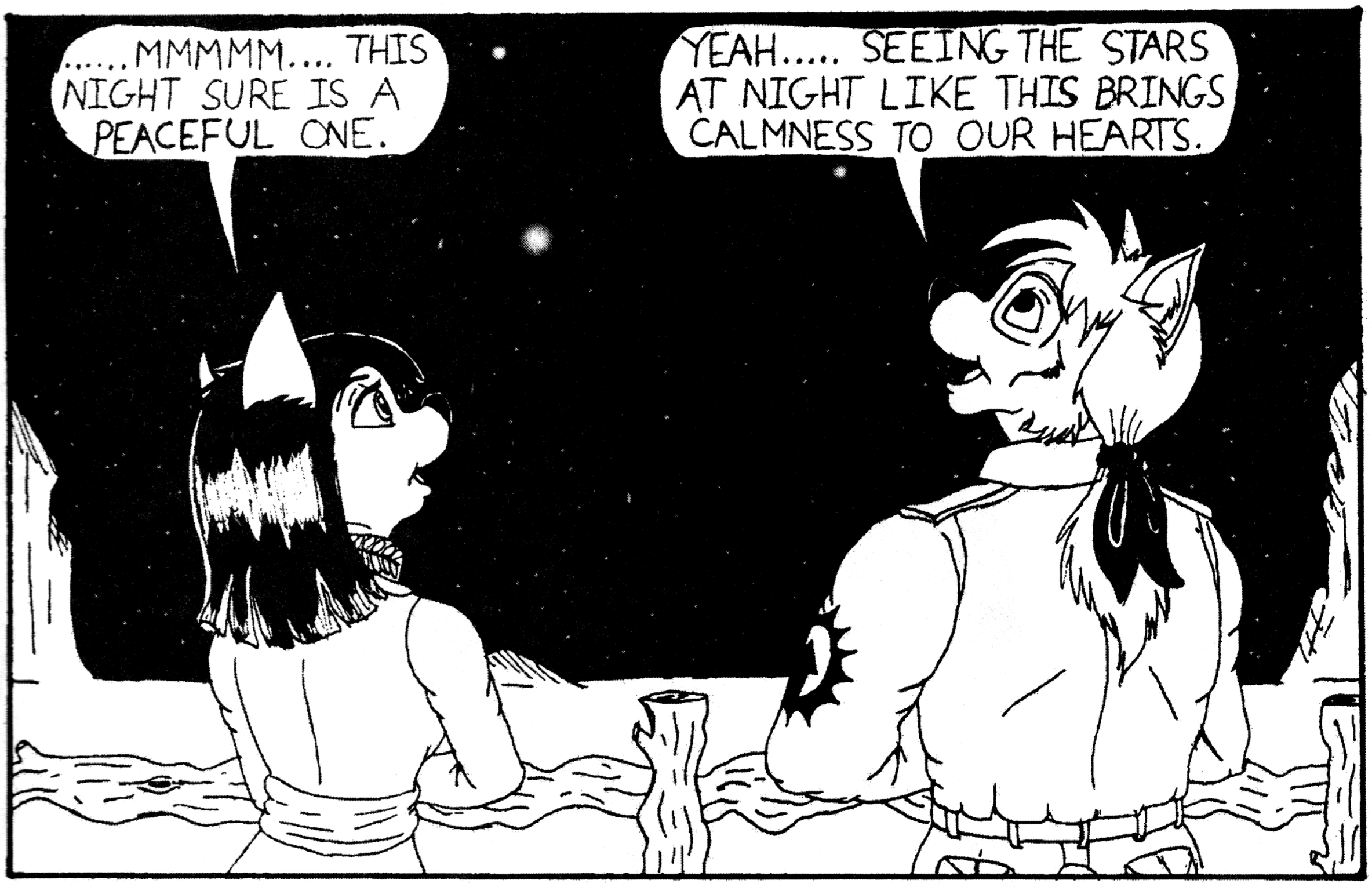
PRETTY GOOD SO FAR.

SO FAR, I'VE BEEN ABLE TO DETERMINE A LOT MORE ABOUT HER ROLE IN OUR PEOPLE'S HISTORY.

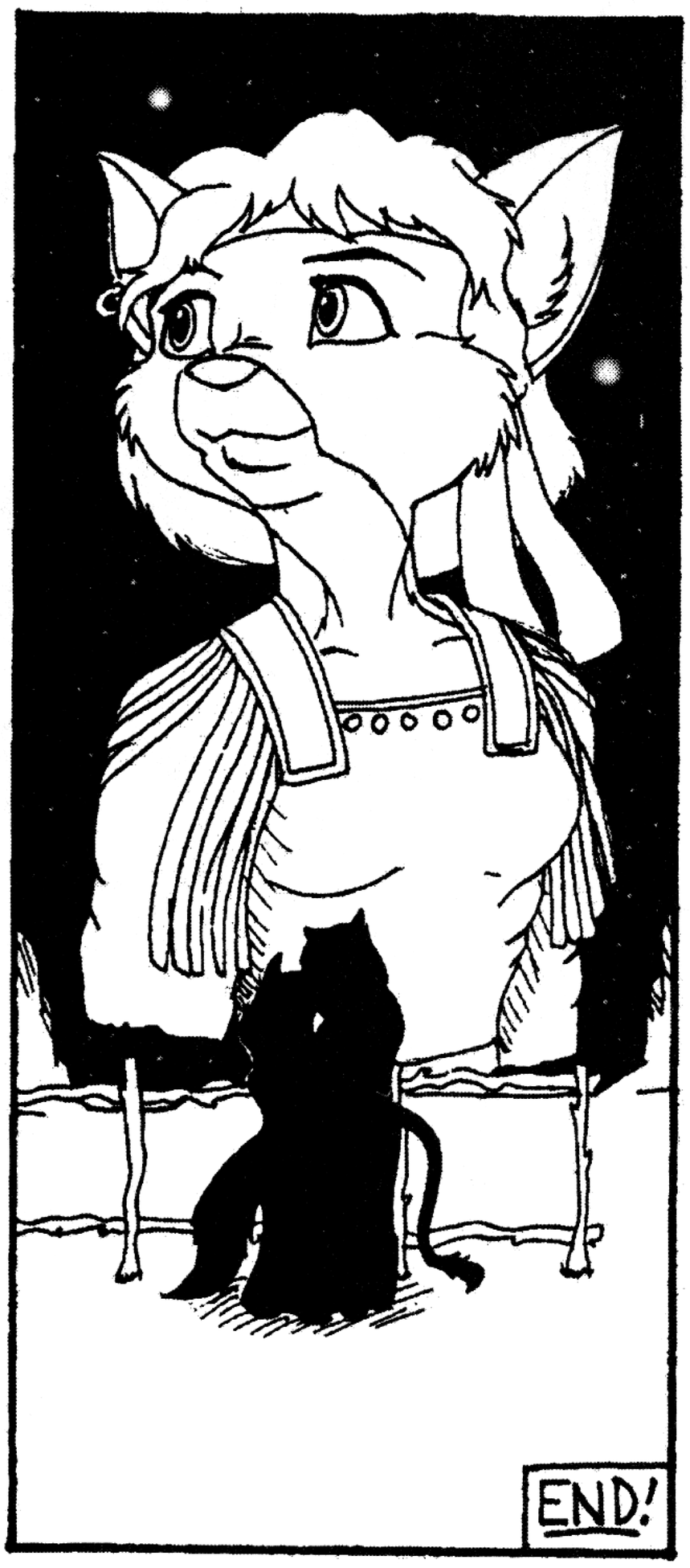
IT'S AMAZING TO KNOW WHAT REALLY WENT ON TWO-HUNDRED YEARS AGO

SAME HERE.

ONE CAN ONLY WONDER TO WHAT LIFE WAS LIKE FOR OUR ANCESTORS.


.....MMMMM.... THIS NIGHT SURE IS A PEACEFUL ONE.
YEAH..... SEEING THE STARS AT NIGHT LIKE THIS BRINGS CALMNESS TO OUR HEARTS.

AND HAVING YOU HERE BY MY SIDE THIS NIGHT BRINGS PEACE TO MY HEART!
SAME HERE, MY BELOVED LIFE MATE!


END!

TW99

"SHOPPING"

THE LADY RAT
MELORY
© Wasco 2000

16 SEC.
LATER
CREEPING UP TO LUNCH.

Title / Issue:

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P.O. Box 2452, Conway, AR 72032

Page:

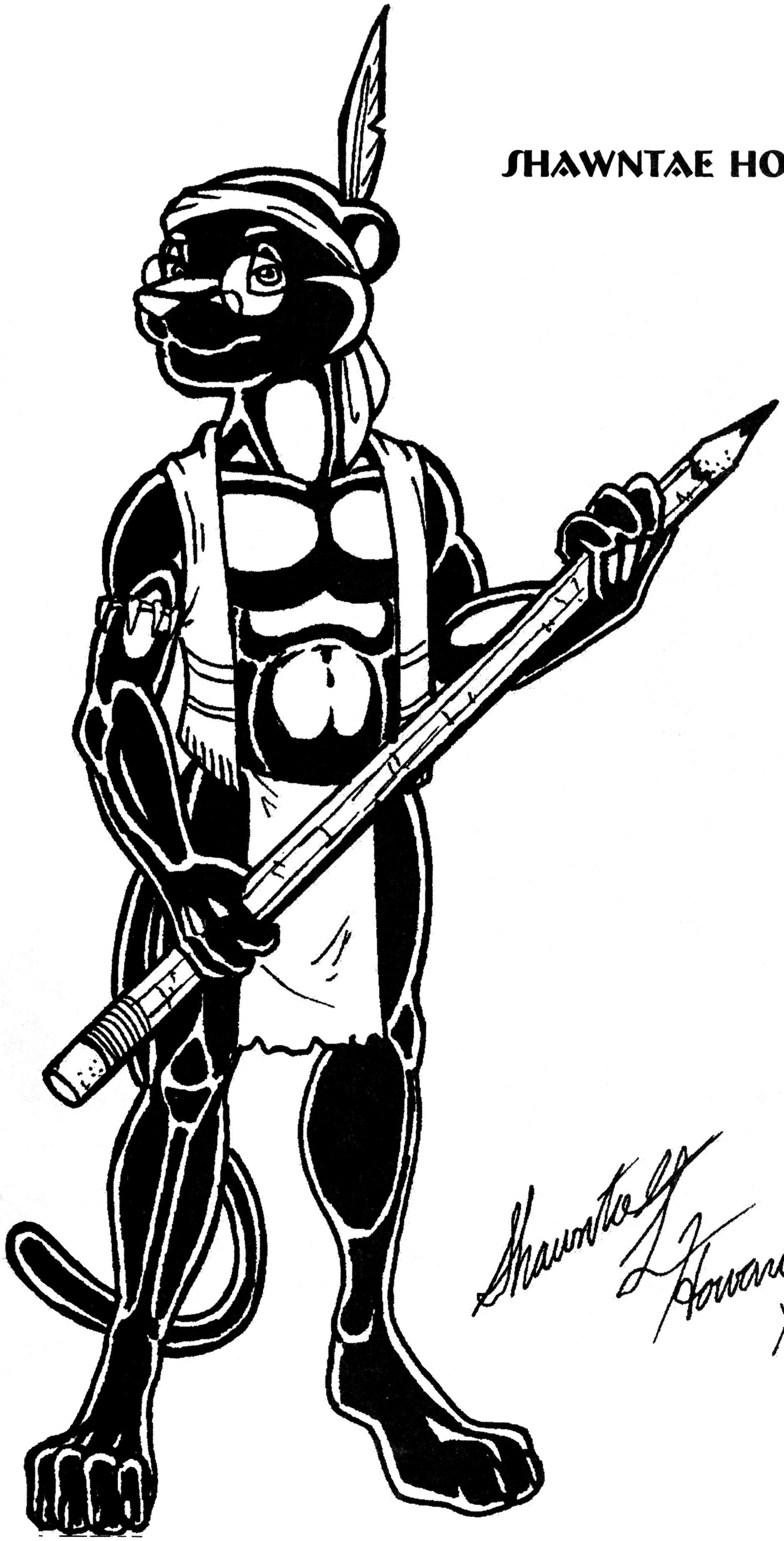
KATMANDU LIBRARY

Here are pictures of some of the writers and artists who have worked on KATMANDU as they would look in their KAT personas.

CAROLE CURTIS

CHARLES GRAY DEBRA COLVIN MIKE OXLEY

SHAWNTAE HOWARD



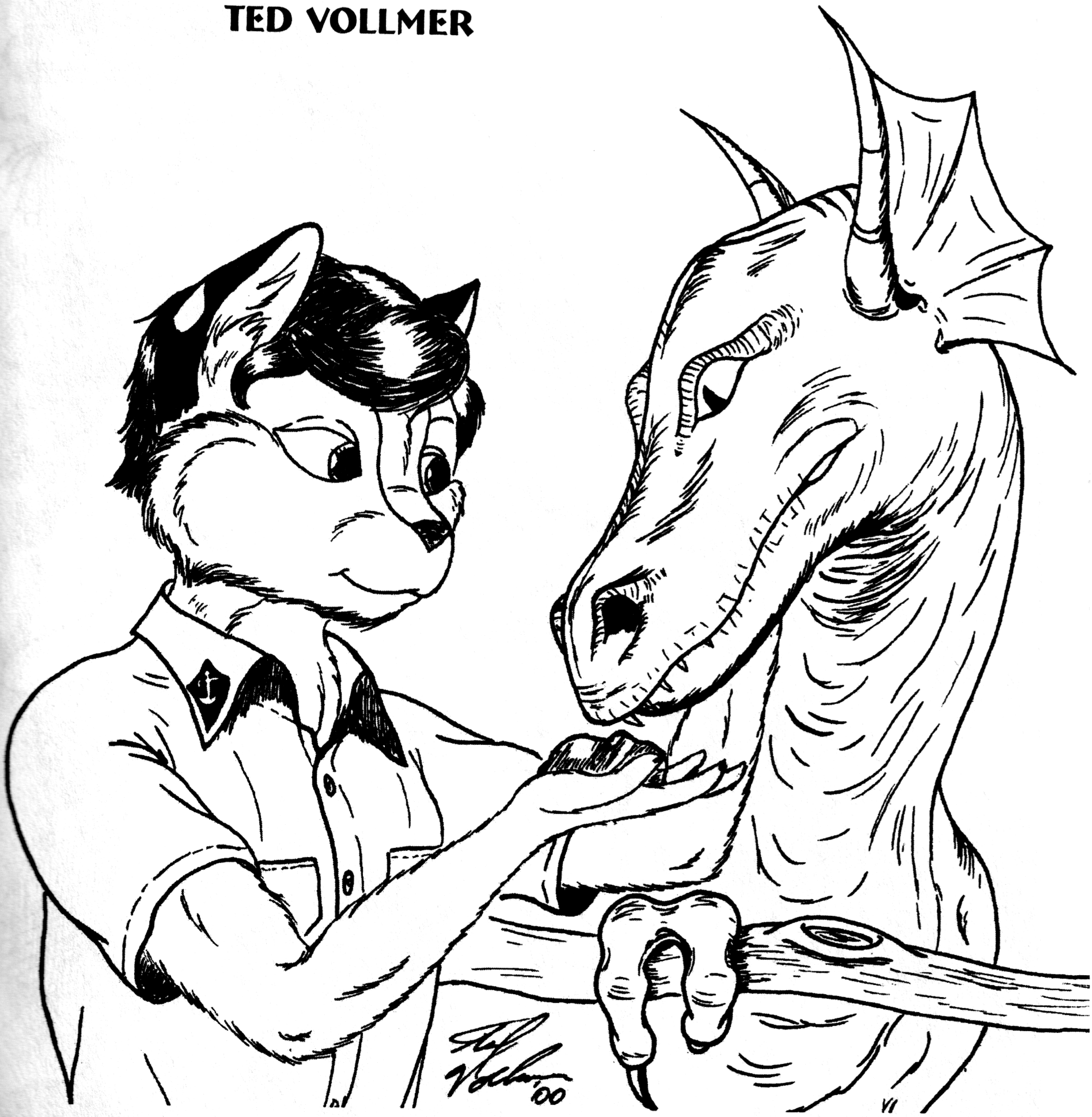
Shawntae Howard
Y2K

TERRIE SMITH AND GLEN WOOTEN

"THE
ARTIST"
CIVASCO
ART BY
CIVASCO 2000

RICHARD THATCHER

TED VOLLMER



Shane Fisher 12/00

SHANE FISHER

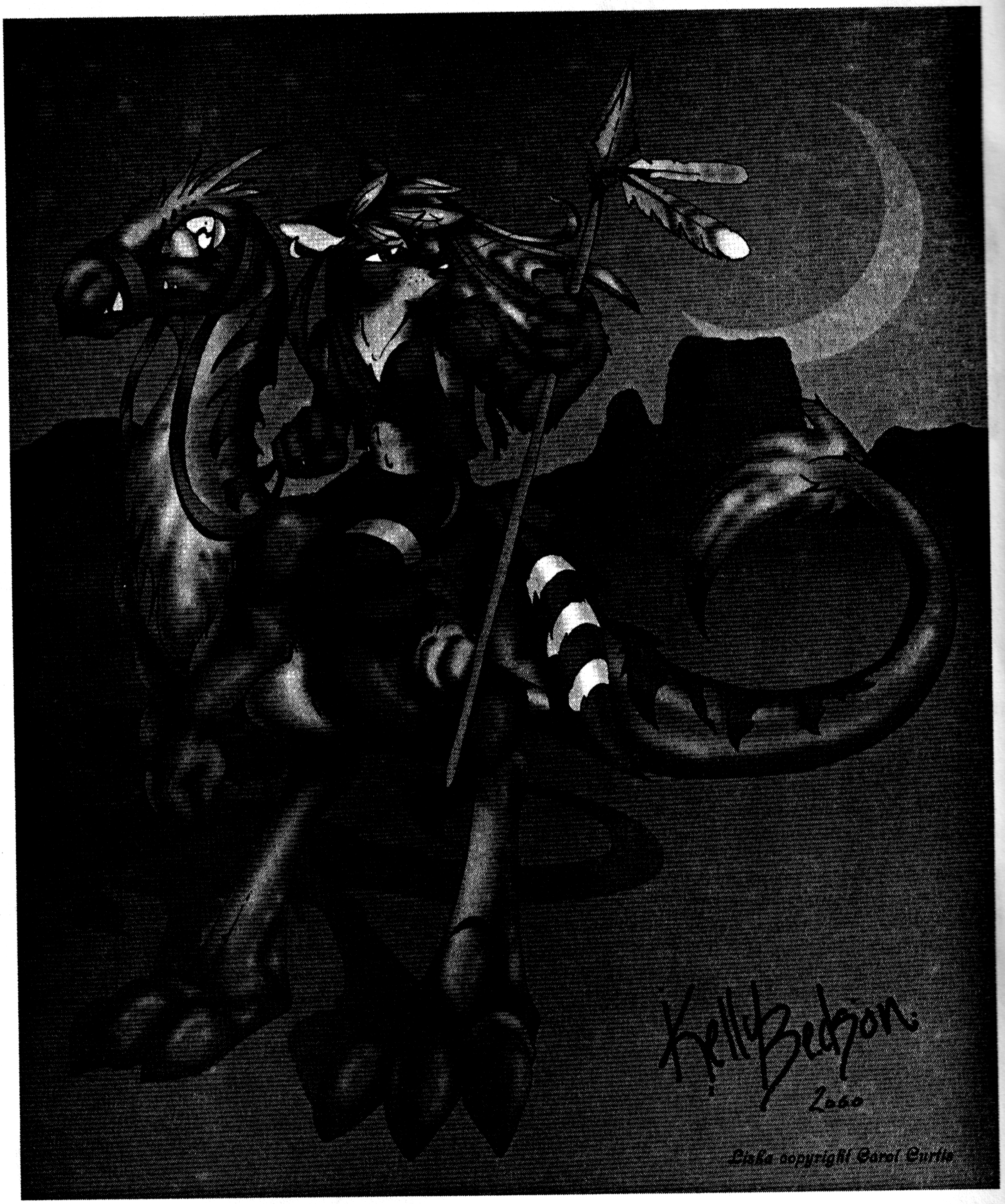
FISHERKAT©S. FISHER KRISKAT©K. UPDIKE - ANGRY BEAVERS © VIACOM
KNITPICKERS NOTE: YES VIRGINIA, THERE ARE NO BEAVERS IN THE DEEP DESERT, BUT THIS IS FUNNY DAMMIT!

CRAP! SHHH!! NOT NOW!! NOT NOW!!!

EEEEEEEEEEEEEE!!!!

SPOOT!!

L.FRANK
11-2000


Kelly Bolyon
2000
Linka copyright Carol Curtis

DREAM WARRIOR

by Brock Hoagland

Hesta loaded the final bundle onto her pair of pack lizards, making sure it was securely fastened. She had a full load of trade goods to take with her deeper into the highlands—brightly colored ribbons and cloth, blankets, salt and other spices, glass beads, steel knives and hatchets, iron cookware and mirrors. They would be exchanged with the tribes she would encounter for furs, rough gems, highland spices and aromatics for perfume. Then would come the long journey back to the coastal cities where they would be exchanged for more manufactured goods. And the cycle would repeat itself once again.

Only *this* time there was a difference. She now had a home to return to before she went on to the cities or before going back once more into the far highlands. There was also a purpose to her journeys now beyond mere survival and the endless trading rounds that had been her life for years. As she prospered, so would the clan that had adopted her. Never having wanted to bear kittens herself, she found she enjoyed the thought of helping to care for those of others. Some hard winter when game was scarce locally, her trade goods and contacts might make the difference between those kittens starving or being fed.

She turned at the sound of a soft footfall behind her. The old seneschal, the tribe's medicine worker, stood there. "Come to see me off?" Hesta asked.

"Yes, and to give you these." One hand held a small shield decorated with medicine signs and long feathers. The other held a ring the size of her palm, a web of thin sinew crisscrossing its interior while small feathers hung from the bottom of its rim. "You journey far and these will help protect you and return you safely to our clan. The medicine shield will ward evil from you while the dream-catcher will catch good dreams from the night air to fill your sleep. Evil dreams it will destroy."

"Thank you," Hesta said accepting his gifts.

"You do not believe in the spirit world, do you, Daughter?"

"I've never seen evidence that it exists. However, neither have I seen evidence that it doesn't. Call me a skeptic rather than an unbeliever."

"If you are skeptical that the spirit world exists, why accept my gifts?"

"Because you believe in it and I respect your beliefs," she replied. "I would insult you and your beliefs if I scorned your gifts."

"I will pray to the Mother that she will open your eyes to the invisible world that surrounds us all, Daughter."

"And I will pray to the spirits I'm not sure exist that they will grant you life and health until I return, Old Man."

They grasped one another's arms hands-to-wrists in farewell. Then the longtooth female swung onto her riding lizard and rode away. Those seeing her leave paused briefly in their work to wave a farewell, but there was no ceremony seeing her off. Warriors and hunters were always leaving the camp. The ceremony would await her homecoming when it would be one of welcome and thanks giving for her safe return.

A moon later, trading had been fair. In search of new trade Hesta had gone further, across the highland plains with their buttes and plateaus than she normally went, almost to the base of the western mountains. Along the way she had exchanged most of the

goods carried by one of her pack lizards for four bundles of fine furs and a ball of aromatic gum as large as her fist. She'd had better ventures, but if the rest of this one went as it had started she would have no complaints. Perhaps in the camp she was now approaching she would make the trade that would make this venture a memorable one. At any rate, with night coming on it would make a good place to stop. There would be a fire, company and cooking other than her own.

The camp was a typical one, less than a dozen lodges set up near water, a spring in this case. Two figures stood at the edge of the camp while farther back others also watched her approach. She was used to that by now. Any camp was always curious about a stranger, especially when it was a woman alone who was much larger than their largest warrior. However, the warrior's headband she wore ensured she would be treated as a warrior, not as a woman. She was within speaking distance of the figures when one of them made a sign that she should halt where she was. From his position in front and the feathers in his long hair he was the leader of this ville. The orange-furred younger man on his right would be the war leader.

"Mother, her head touches the sky!" a kitten loudly proclaimed before its mother shushed it.

"For your sake, come no closer," the chief called out.

"Why for my sake? Does disease stalk your tents?" Hesta's eyes swept over the inhabitants. Their faces were drawn and haggard like those whose nights lately were without rest, but there were no overt signs of sickness.

"Disease would be welcome compared to what stalks our nights," he replied. "An evil spirit enters our dreams as we sleep, robbing us of our rest. For seven nights now we have been haunted by it. Our only hope is to cross the River-of-Melting-Snows since evil spirits cannot cross running water. But we are still three days away from the river and I fear some of our kittens will die before then. Then what will become of their spirits if they should die in the presence of this evil one?"

"Is running from your nightmares all you have done?" she asked.

The ears of the war leader went flat at the implication in her question.

"Twice we have tried to fight it. One night our shaman sat up to battle it. In the morning we found him with no more mind than that of an infant. He has remained that way ever since and with the coming of darkness he whimpers like a frightened kitten. Another night our bravest warrior sat up in turn. In the morning we found him slain without a mark on him, though frozen on his face was an expression of abject terror—that on he who had feared nothing in his life!"

"Perhaps someone should try again," she suggested.

This time the war leader's lips drew back and he hissed at her thinly veiled accusation of cowardice, the tip of his tail lashing back and forth. "I and every warrior in the ville were ready to do so, but our chief forbade it," he growled.

"Peace!" the chief interjected. "We have already lost two to this demon! We cannot risk losing any more warriors with so little hope of success. Who will feed our wives and kittens if our men die uselessly? Go in peace, stranger, while you still can."

Hesta dismounted. "Forgive me if my blunt words gave offense; an honest trader learns to speak plainly so that a bargain may be clearly understood. I meant no accusations towards anyone; there are times it takes more courage not to throw your life away than it takes to lose it."

That mollified the war leader. "Our chief is right—you should go before the evil spirit takes an interest in you."

"I have come to trade. How can I trade if I ride away? I am Hesta of Clan Mitseleman of the White River Tribe."

"The choice is yours to make, Hesta Touches-the-Sky. I am Gongral, chief of this ville of the Red Mountain Tribe. This is Noth, our war leader. We bid you welcome to our camp."

It appeared she had acquired an appellative as well as a place to spend the night.

While an evil spirit may have haunted them, the folk of this ville did not let that effect their hospitality. The older boys were directed to unload her lizards and to care for them. She was invited into the chief's tent to share a pipe with the warriors as the women prepared a meal in their guest's honor. Meal ready, the warriors went outside to sit in a circle around the camp's central fire, their families seated behind them. One by one the dishes were handed from warrior to warrior, each taking what he would. The dishes were then handed back to their families to make their rounds there. Hesta's contribution to the feast was a small dish of salt to sprinkle on the meat. When it had made its round of the warriors she handed it back to their families. There were murmurs at such generosity. She hid a smile. Years of trading had taught her it always paid to have new customers feel they were in your debt. By gift custom they could use all she offered; politeness dictated that the dish be returned to her with salt still remaining.

After the meal Hesta stood before the fire and gave them news she had learned from other tribes on her journey. The night grew late. She noticed that several of the younger kittens fell asleep, inevitably to face troubled dreams to judge by the way they twisted and whimpered in their mothers' arms. Their mothers would quickly shake them awake when such happened.

"The night grows late," Hesta finally remarked. "Already my tales have put some listeners to sleep! It is time to seek our robes."

"You would not say that if you knew what awaited in slumber," Chief Gongral replied. "But there is always the hope that the demon has left us. Even if it still stalks us, no one can go without sleep forever."

"I meant it when I said that someone should confront your dream demon again. I will stay up and keep watch over your sleep."

"We cannot ask you to do that."

"You haven't asked."

"Why would you do this for us?" Noth wanted to know.

Hesta grinned. "It's as I said earlier—I've come to trade. And I can't trade if my customers die or go mad from lack of sleep. Besides, I've never met a spirit of any sort and I'm curious."

"In that case I will sit up with you."

"No!" Chief Gongral was forceful in his refusal. "It is your duty to risk your life in battle, Noth. The tribe cannot afford to have you lose it in a fight where you would be helpless. We will sing songs of the courage of Hesta Touches-the-Sky and if she should prevail we will gift her richly."

He turned to Hesta. "If you were a warrior of this clan I would order you to give up this foolish notion. Since you are not you are free to do as you wish and I honor you for your courage."

"Honor received from a wise chief is always to be cherished. Where are my things? I will need some of them."

"They are in my tent."

Hesta followed him there. Her steel knife she already wore at her waist. She picked up her lance, a steel head lately replacing the flint one of old. A hatchet tucked into her belt ensured she was well armed. She was about to leave when her eye fell upon the medicine shield and dream-catcher the seneschal had given her. She picked them up. While she doubted the reality of the spirit world, something was haunting the dreams of these people and it was wise to be prepared for any eventuality.

"The medicine shield I recognize," Chief Gongral said, "And I pray its medicine is strong. But what is that other?"

"My tribe calls this a dream-catcher. We make them to capture dreams out of the night air. Good ones pass down the feathers into your sleep while evil ones are entangled in the web and destroyed."

"May it work so this night."

Outside the chief's tent Hesta found Noth waiting. "I would keep vigil with you, Hesta Touches-the-Sky, if our chief had not forbid it."

"I know you would. There is no question of your courage or of your honor here."

Noth solemnly drew his knife and made a cut across the back of his strong hand. Holding it up, he said, "May you take courage from my heart as you take my blood."

"You do me a great honor." With equal solemnity, she bent her head and lapped a bit of his blood. The greatest honor one warrior could do another was to lend his courage.

Beside the fire someone had left a hide robe and a blanket for her. Hesta sat cross-legged on the robe and drew the blanket around her shoulders. Her lance lay across her lap, ready for use. Closing her eyes, she quickly fell into the half-doze that came naturally to cats, a state from which the slightest untoward sound or smell would instantly rouse her.

Perhaps she was more tired than she had thought. Or perhaps some other agency had dragged her down into full sleep. Hesta's head jerked up and her eyes snapped open. For a few seconds she was befuddled as was anyone suddenly awakened from a deep sleep. She had the feeling that she had just started to dream a dream whose remnants left her ill at ease. A glance at the stars told her that less than an hour had passed since she began her vigil. She should not have fallen so deeply asleep so quickly and easily.

She was about to rise and stretch when she noticed a shape stealing towards one of the tents, its back towards her. It was a large shape, one too large for any in this ville. A blanket thrown over the head and held close about the body left the form indistinct.

Hesta silently threw the blanket from her and rose to her feet, drawing her hatchet. Lance and hatchet at the ready, she padded towards the figure, neither of them making a single sound. As she drew closer her unease grew. The stranger's form was as black as night and it seemed impossible to tell where the figure ended and the night began. Nor could she catch any scent from it. Her fur fluffed up, as much from fear as from impending battle. She suppressed her fear as she suppressed the growl that wanted to rumble in her throat.

The figure reached the tent's entrance. Hesta was close enough to reach out and touch it with her lance.

"Who are you and what is your business in this camp?" she demanded.

The figure spun around. The blanket fell back from its head, revealing its face. With a cry of horror, Hesta stumbled back a step. The face of the figure was hers! Only it was her face as she hoped never to see it looking back at her from one of her trade mirrors. The face was old and twisted with malice and jealousy, hatred blazing in its eyes. It was the face of one whom looked with resentment upon the good fortune of others, hating them for it. It was the face that deep in her heart she feared she might see staring back at her one day.

"So, Hesta No-Home, Hesta The-Kinless!" the figure cackled. "Others run from their bad dreams, but you confront yours! How does it feel to see yourself when you're old with no home or family to call your own? Years of watching the joy others take in their kittens while you have none will eat away at your heart, turning it bitter and leaving you like this!"

"You're not what I'll be! I have a home and a clan now!"

"So you say, but you still have no kittens of your own, Hesta Empty-Womb!"

Hesta's ears went flat, her lips drew back revealing her teeth and her claws came out. "I still have time and if I never have any of my own, the clan's kittens will be mine!"

She drove her lance through the middle of the nightmare figure, its head lodging in the hide of the tent behind. The figure only cackled louder. Hesta swung her hatchet, which passed through the figure as it would pass through the smoke of a fire and did no more harm than it would to that smoke.

"You can't kill your bad dreams so easily! Every night you go to sleep I'll be there, waiting for you, Hesta The-Cursed!"

Hesta let go of her weapons. Her hatchet fell to the ground while her lance point remained entangled in the tent's hide. She turned and fled back towards the embers of the dying fire.

"You cannot outrun your dreams, Hesta Sour-Crone, especially the bad ones!"

Hesta knew, as you knew in a nightmare, that the figure pursued her. She seemed to hardly move at all, yet she *knew* the evil spirit was getting closer and closer, its hand reaching out to seize her. If it once got hold of her she feared it would enter her spirit and she would become it in time. Reaching the robe upon which she had kept her vigil, she snatched up medicine shield and dream-catcher. She spun around to confront the dream demon with them. It was only a few feet from her.

"And what good do you suppose those will do you, Hesta No-Faith, when you doubt their power?"

The demon reached for her. Hesta raised the medicine shield between them. She did not know what she had expected. The shield did not glow nor did light shine from it to drive back the nightmare. It was simply there between them and the evil dream was unable to reach past it.

"How can this be!" it shrieked. "You don't believe!"

"I don't disbelieve, either, while the one who gave me these gifts believes deeply."

She threw the dream-catcher at it. The catcher struck the nightmare and stuck to it. The catcher expanded, entangling the shrieking, struggling dream demon in its web. In but a few moments the dream-catcher lay on the ground, restored to its original size, the evil spirit destroyed.

Hesta looked about the camp. The tents were silent, as if her battle had been fought in a dream, leaving the others undisturbed. Exhausted in mind and body, she sank down upon the robe, drew the blanket over her and fell into a deep, dreamless sleep.

The sun was up and the camp activities were well underway by the time she awoke. Chief Gongral and War Leader Noth sat beside her. By her side lay lance, hatchet, dream-catcher and medicine shield, just as if she had not fought an evil spirit with them last night. Or had she? Did she only dream her battle?

"Everyone in the ville had the same dream last night," Chief Gongral informed her. "An evil spirit approached them in their dreams, but you appeared and fought it, slaying it. After that everyone slept well and had good dreams. We are in your debt, Hesta Dream-Warrior."

She sat up. "Thank the one who gave me the medicine weapons to fight it. I would not have won otherwise."

"Weapons are useless without a courageous heart to wield them," Noth replied.

Hesta held out the dream-catcher. "Hang this over your shaman's bed. Perhaps it can catch him good dreams to heal the harm the evil one did him."

"Again we are in your debt," the chief told her.

"Again the debt belongs to the maker."

"We will give you gifts to take back to him, then."

"Now let's get down to the business of trading—that's what I came here for, not to fight bad dreams!"

NOEL "TINCRASH" Melendez
TINCRASH@YAHOO.COM

HESTA
+LISKA
©Carole Curtis

Katmandu

Civilization

STORY: CAROLE CURTIS
ART: SARA PALMER

COME ON, MELA.

IT'S TIME TO GO TO THE *RIVER!*

BUT I DON'T *WANT* TO GO! i CAN MAKE POTS *TOMORROW!*

i HAVE THE LITTLE FIREHUT BUILT AND IT'S ALMOST FULL.

IF YOU WANT TO MAKE GIFTS FOR *MAMA LISKA* AND *MAMA SHAYGIN*, IT HAS TO BE TODAY. THE POTS HAVE TO BE DRY BEFORE THEY'RE FIRED.

THERE'S NO *CLAY* HERE, ONLY *SAND.*

HURRY UP, AND *BE QUIET.* i FOUND SOME SPECIAL CLAY.

i'LL *SHARE*, IF YOU'LL PROMISE NOT TO TELL *ANYBODY.* iT WILL MAKE BEAUTIFUL CUPS FOR OUR MOTHERS.

I WON'T TELL. NOT EVEN MOTHER SONNA.

THEA, I DON'T *LIKE* THIS. WE'RE GOING INTO THE *GROUND*. WHAT IF THERE'S A *SANDHRIN?*

DON'T WORRY.

WHAT DO YOU SEE? LOOK HARD.

I DON'T.. *OH!* OH, IT'S *BEAUTIFUL...*

IT'S VERY SPECIAL. TAKE JUST WHAT YOU NEED FOR TWO SMALL POTS.

LIKE *GATHERING!* TAKE WHAT YOU NEED, BUT LEAVE ENOUGH SEED FOR NEXT YEAR.

YES, IT IS KIND OF LIKE GATHERING, EVEN THOUGH CLAY DOESN'T GROW.

WE MUST THINK OF FUTURE TIMES WHEN WE WILL NEED AGAIN WHAT WE ARE GATHERING NOW. MOTHER SONNA SAYS, BALANCE YOUR PRESENT NEED AGAINST YOUR FUTURE NEED. *DON'T BE GREEDY.*

DO YOU THINK A HAND AND A HALF IS ENOUGH?

IT SHOULD BE. YOU'RE GETTING PRETTY *GOOD* AT FIGURING OUT THINGS.

THANKS. CAN WE GO? IT'S *COLD.*

AS SOON AS I GET ENOUGH FOR A BOWL.

WATCH, AND DO WHAT I DO.

OH GODDESS. THANK YOU FOR LEADING ME TO THE CLAY. I PRAY THAT YOU WILL BLESS THIS WORK AND LET IT SERVE MY FAMILY FOR MANY YEARS.

GODDESS, THANK YOU FOR THE BEAUTIFUL CLAY. PLEASE BLESS IT AND LET IT SERVE MY MOTHERS FOR MANY YEARS.

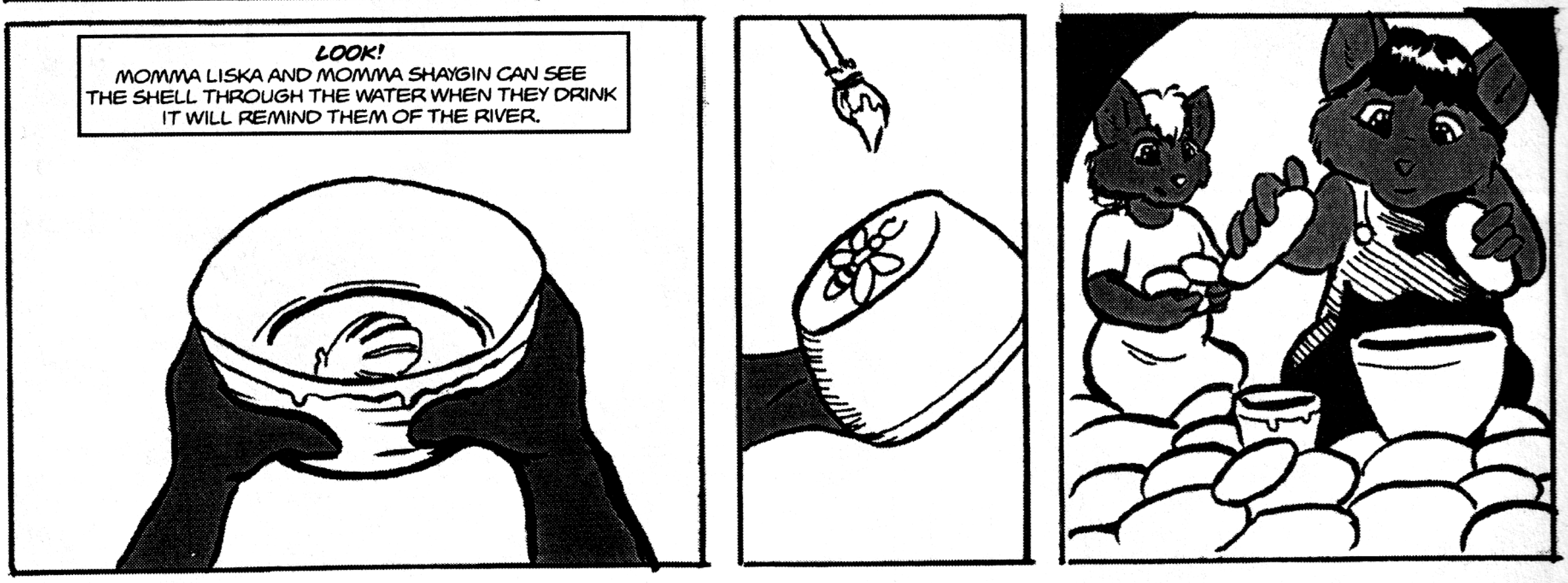
LET THE CLAY TELL YOUR FINGERS WHERE IT SHOULD GO.

LISTEN WITH YOUR HEART.

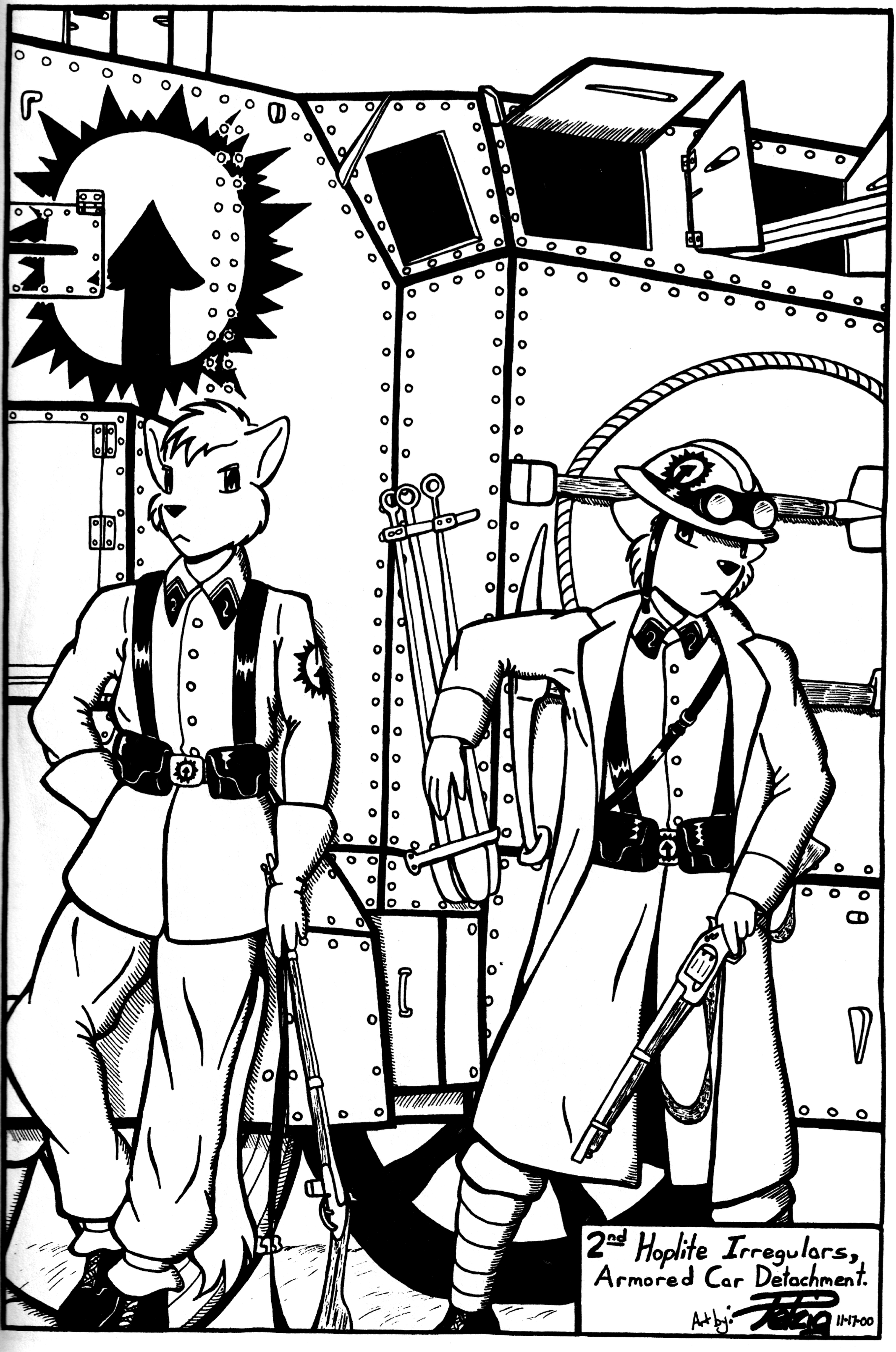
USE THE GOURD TO SMOOTH THE SIDES. ***WORK SLOWLY,*** IF THEYRE TOO THIN, THEY'LL ***BREAK*** IN THE FIRE.

THEY'LL BE ***BEAUTIFUL.*** OUR MOTHERS WILL LIKE THEIR PRESENTS.

DO YOU WANT TO MAKE ***BEADS*** FROM THAT? IT'S PRETTY, AND I CAN'T TAKE IT BACK TO THE CAVE.


LOOK!
MOMMA LISKA AND MOMMA SHAYGIN CAN SEE THE SHELL THROUGH THE WATER WHEN THEY DRINK IT WILL REMIND THEM OF THE RIVER.

OH, THEA, THANK YOU! THEY ARE TRULY BEAUTIFUL.
NOW YOU ARE A POTTER. AS YOU GROW, YOU WILL LEARN MORE EACH DAY. YOU WILL TEACH WHAT YOU KNOW TO THOSE WHO COME AFTER.
WITHOUT POTS, WE WOULD BE LIKE THE ANIMALS IN THE MEADOWS, EATING AND DRINKING WHAT WE FIND AND THEN MOVING TO THE NEXT GRAZING AND HUNTING PLACE. THE PEOPLE WOULD HAVE FULL BELLIES IN SUMMER AND GO HUNGRY IN WINTER. NEVER FORGET.


2nd Hoplite Irregulars,
Armored Car Detachment.
Art by:
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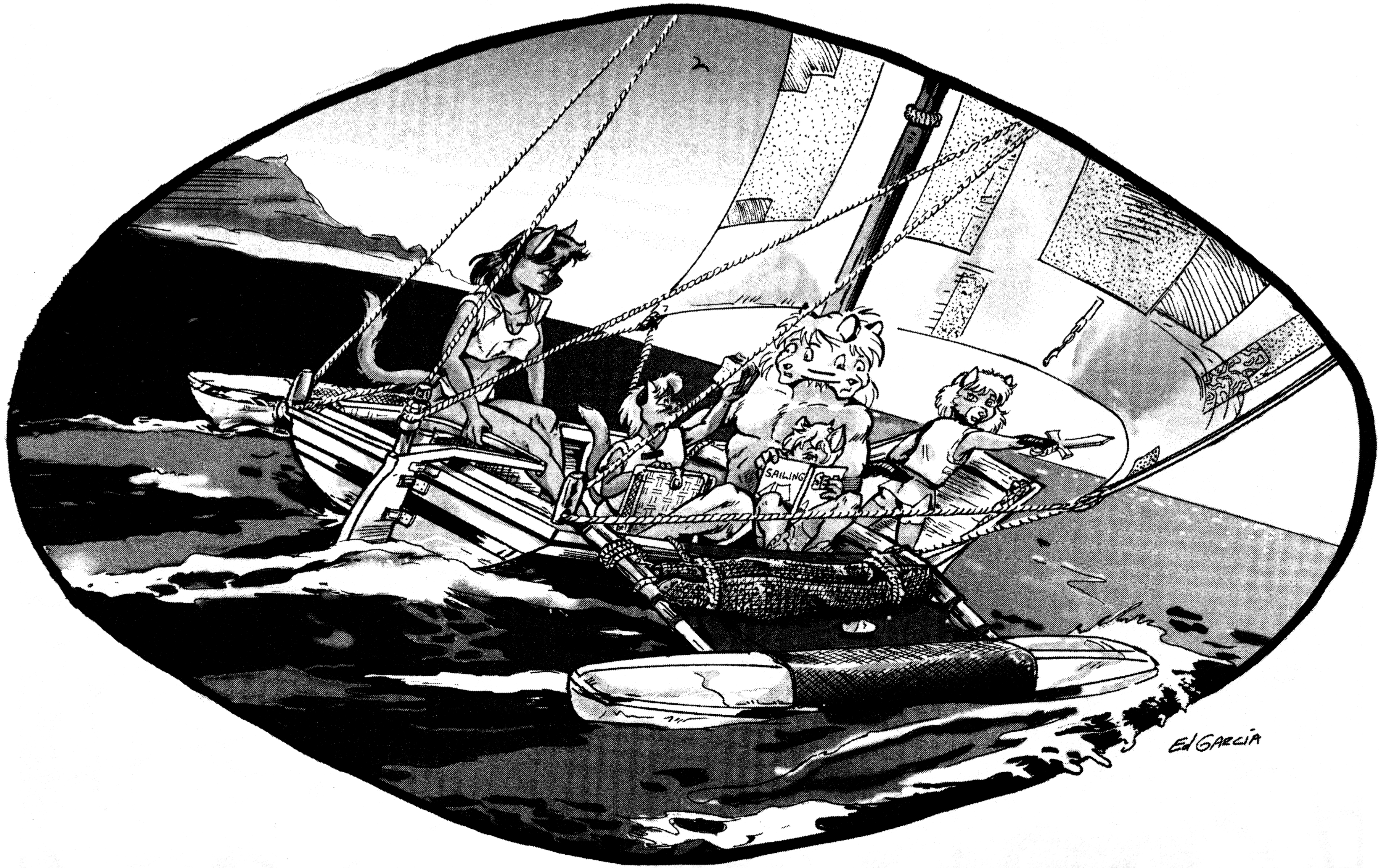
SAILING
ED GARCIA

the Strumpet

I'm so glad you came to visit, Parrisha. Maybe You can find a husband here.

Well, Sherlyn, I don't want just any husband. I won't have a man giving me orders.

Sploosh

Art: Megan Giles
Story: Mike Curtis

And these leathers of your husband's are SO dusty...

Sherlyn- who is that woman dressed as a warrior?

She isn't just dressed as a warrior, she IS a warrior. Her name is Liska Mitsel-Eman.

SHE'S a WARRIOR?

Yes, AND a clan chief. That plump woman is her first wife...

She used to have a second wife too...

I think she's about to have another.

LATER

These are my best clothes, Sister. How do I look?

Very nice, Parrisha. But why do you want to pursue Liska?

BECAUSE, Dear Sister, I've NEVER met a woman who could boss me around. This warrior won't be able to either. Once I've charmed her I'll be running that tent AND her other wife.

Well, that's enough arrows for a while...

STOP, Warrior. That's woman's work. Let ME carry those for you.

Uh... thanks.

Sorry to be so forward, but I saw you on the river bank while I was helping my sister wash. My name is Parrisha.

Oh...I thought you looked unfamiliar.

I'm visiting my sister and hoping to find a husband.

Well, there are several warriors here who could use one.

Like YOURSELF?

As the week goes on...
FluHer
FluHer

Mother Shaygin? Have you been noticing that new girl--

The one that's been flirting with your mother? Yes, I have.

But she's been fixing Mother meals and cooking and cleaning--

--and saving me a lot of work. But I'm putting an end to that tonight. I'll need your help.

--and put some meat on your body, so your bones wouldn't **BRUISE** me when we're in the furs--

PUFF PUFF!

Is the soup good, Liska?

Yes it is, Parrisha.

You know, if you took me as your second wife I could feed you **EVERY** night.

Oh Husband. I made you six new tunics and four pairs of pants today but I couldn't finish your new quiver--

It's **TRUE**, Mother! She never took time to eat and even stomped your dirty leathers in the stream while she sewed. **PLEASE** don't beat her!

I'm a **FAILURE**-

EEEEEEEEE!!!
DAUGHTER, SHE'S GOT "OLD THUNDER" COCKED AND READY!

That's the fist she broke your **ARM** with before!

Liska--I just remembered-- my sister's been behind on her work all **WEEK!** I really need to **GO!**

PLEASE knock me out with the first blow--

"Old Thunder?"

SOME females are scared of Thunder. But not **ME!**

end

SHANDA FAN MART

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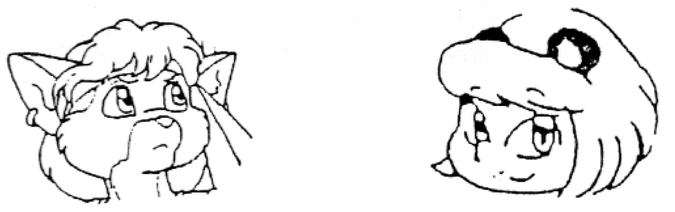

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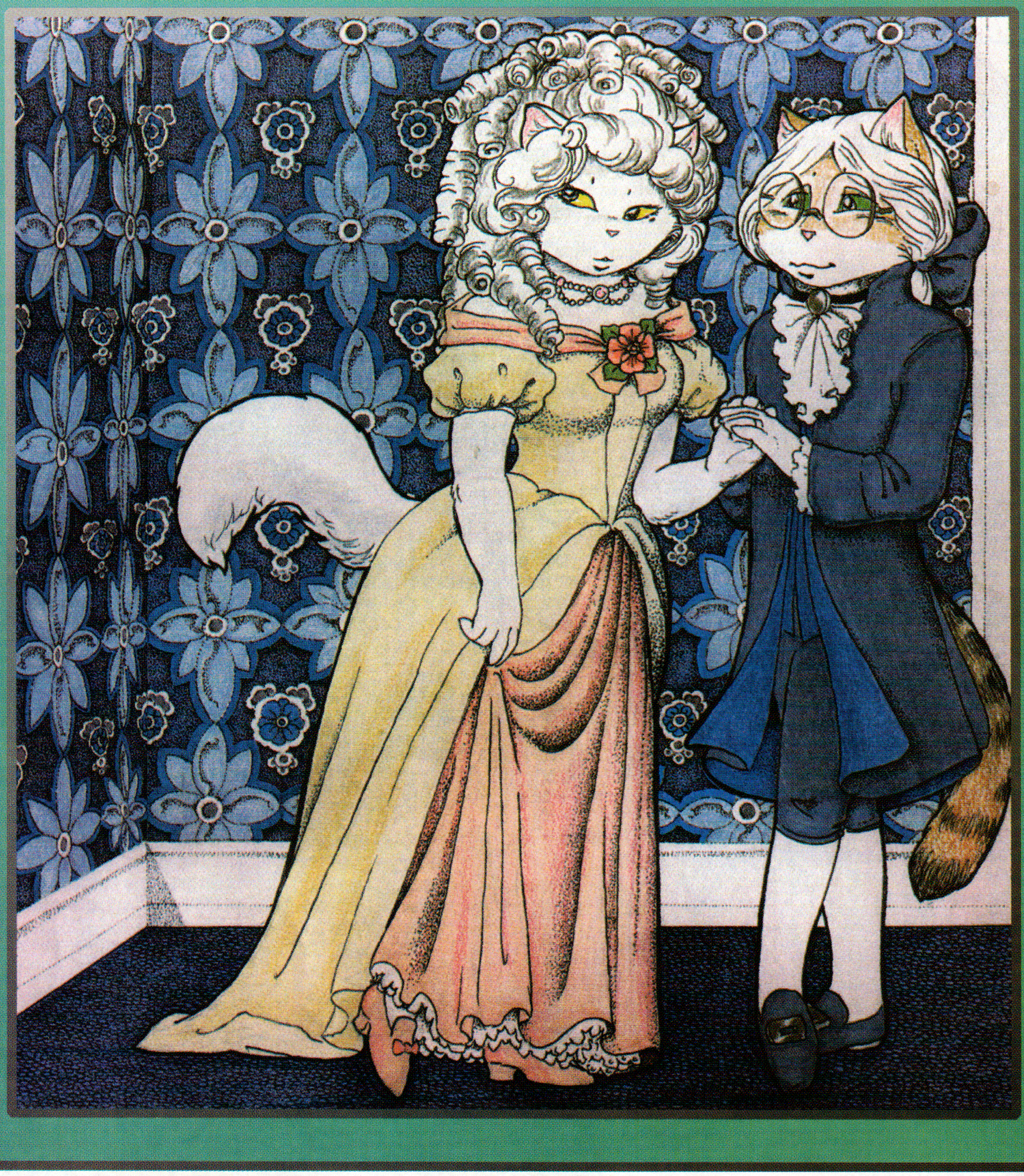

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